

30 MAR. 1944

Good 307 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town News

FIFE GIFT.

ANY submariners who come from Fife may be interested to know that Dunfermline and West Fife Hospital has received a gift of the mansion house of North Fod, and policies extending to 22 acres, from Mr. R. W. McCrone, of Pittliver, vice-president of the Hospital.

The mansion house lies about two miles east from the centre of Dunfermline, and after necessary alterations is to be used meantime to alleviate the bed shortage at the hospital.

CARDIFF PLANS.

CARDIFF means to live up to its reputation as the sporting Mecca of Wales when the guns cease barking. The City football ground is to be extended to accommodate the biggest crowds seen at Second Division matches (Cardiff is sure to get elected to that League).

New parks and playing-fields are to be laid out in all districts. The whole of Ely racecourse will be converted into a recreational centre; there is to be a river promenade along the banks of the River Taff; the Mandy Pool is to be turned into a modern sports park, and a vast sports arena will be constructed for ice hockey and other indoor sports near the new civic shopping centre fronting the Central Station.

STRANGE RITUAL.

MOST Welsh folk and many beyond the Principality have heard of Dr. Price, of Llantrisant, pioneer of cremation. His story is recalled by a move to erect a crematorium in Cardiff.

The first cremation ever in Wales, in days when it was looked upon as sacrilege, was at Pontypridd. Dr. Price decided to burn the body of his son. An eccentric man, he had earlier in the boy's life created a storm by christening him Jesus Christ, or, to be exact, "Iesu Crist."

The incident on the Pontypridd hill-top caused a nationwide sensation, because the burning of bodies was not then allowed. His act and the subsequent Assize proceedings were the first steps towards legal sanction of cremation.

MIDDLE-AGE HOP.

THE village of Yealmpton is one of the quietest in the County of Devon since the Women's Institute signed a new lease with the ground landlord restricting the use of their hall—the only one in the village suitable for dancing.

Under the terms of the lease, "A dance band or drum shall only be used on one day in each week and on that day the premises shall be closed before 11 p.m." (Other days 10 p.m., Sundays 7 p.m.) Except on dance nights, "no musical instrument may be used except one piano or one accordion."

The lease forbids the use of amplifiers or "any undue noise."

Sort of sounds like the Middle Ages, doesn't it?

JUST after eleven o'clock on the morning of March 7th, 1925, a telephone message to Scotland Yard came through from the Chief Constable of Flintshire. He hurriedly told the C.I.D. that a farmer named John James Rowlands, owner of Penyffordd, about six miles from Mold, had been found shot dead in one of his fields.

It was thought that some poacher had been the shooter; but a post-mortem examination was being made; and if the help of the Yard was needed he would ring again.

He did ring again, one hour later. Cornish, of the Yard, and Sergeant Mallet left London by the first train available.

Never mind the working of the police in this case. I am going to take you to the murderer right away, the man who forgot one little thing, and but for that might have been living to-day.

William Theodore Brennan was a young man who lived in Penyffordd with his family. He was very fond of shooting rabbits, and he often went out on this kind of excursion. He had one small .410 shot-gun, which almost everybody knew he possessed. But he had another which he had bought in Chester, a single-barrelled breech-loader 12-bore gun, with twenty-five cartridges, stamped E.C.6.

HE always took this gun to go in fields belonging to Mr. pieces when he came back Rowlands. Some distance away from shooting and when he a man was ploughing in an went out with it. He had other field. A blackbird called. Brennan turned, for a blackbird does not call for nothing—and there was a man hurrying

THE MAN WHO LOOKED BACK



towards him and demanding to know what he was doing there. This man was Rowlands.

He demanded that Brennan should hand over his gun. Brennan refused. Rowlands grabbed the gun to take it. The gun exploded and the farmer fell, but not wounded. He was up again in a rush, and the fight started.

Brennan broke away. The gun was empty, but he slipped another cartridge into the breech and in a fury shot Rowlands. This time Rowlands did not fall, although wounded. The fight continued. Then Rowlands fell again. He had been shot in the back, deliberately shot, and his strength had ebbed quickly.

Not a word had been spoken during the struggle. But Brennan saw a man coming across the field towards him. He fled, the man after him, shouting "Murderer!"

The pursuer was gaining. Brennan took cover behind hedges, running like a hare. Still the pursuer gained. Brennan broke into the open, stopped, and appeared to be reloading his gun. The pursuer stopped, too, seeing the action. He kept his distance; then Brennan turned and ran once more, but kept looking back to see if he was followed. The pursuer ceased to pursue.

The first thought that leaped to Brennan's mind was how to get rid of his gun. He dared not be seen with it. He was crossing a ditch when he saw the ideal hiding place for it. He broke the gun, dismantled it, and rammed it into the drain-pipe. There was water in the ditch. He soaped his face and hands, then ran again.

He crossed another field, saw another farmer, who stared at him in the gloom, but he kept moving fast. In Lower Mountain Lane he saw a woman approaching. He looked down and saw his raincoat bore splashes of blood. He whipped it off, turned it inside out, and threw it over his shoulder, so that his face was partially covered. The woman passed. But she saw him every now and then look back. Always looking back.

He got home at last. He went into the wash-house and there hid his coat and leggings. Then he went upstairs to the bathroom and washed his hands and face. But the coat had to be dealt with. He went downstairs again, took the mackintosh and leggings, and brought them to the bathroom. He washed the coat thoroughly, rolling it in a grey blanket to absorb the heavy moisture. He then hung the coat in a drying cupboard.

He next washed his shoes and leggings. He saw that the laces of his shoes were sodden with blood. He burned the laces later in the kitchen fire. He got polish and cleaned and polished both leggings and shoes.

room. Quite a stirring night he had had. But now he was safe. He could meet any policemen who came to inquire.

He was right in his surprise that the police would come. Superintendent Cornish came, with others. They had been gathering information from the man who had chased Brennan, and others. And these people had said that the murderer had worn a fawn raincoat. Would young Brennan let them see his overcoat. Of course he would!

Cornish examined it. It had been washed, but there was not a trace of blood on it. His shoes were examined. They were clean and tidy, ready for next day's wear. The leggings were as neat and clean as anybody could wish.

"I tripped over a wire in the garden and fell in a gooseberry bush," replied young Brennan, the murderer.

When he had changed he came downstairs. The others of the family were now in the house, and supper was being cooked. He sat down and ate supper with them, then excused himself and went upstairs to bed.

But just after ten o'clock that night, when everybody was in bed, he remembered about that mackintosh. If by chance the police came they would see it had been washed and be suspicious. He crept downstairs, made up the fire, and took the raincoat from the cupboard, spreading it in front of the fire. He also dried his shoes and leggings. He sat beside that fire for four hours, until all these

would young Brennan tell how he spent the time when the murder was committed? Of course he would. He said he did not know where Model Farm—the property of Rowlands—was situated. He had been elsewhere, and he had not had his small shotgun with him. It was a good story. His father corroborated the fact that the small shotgun had not been out of the house.

Would young Brennan come to an identity parade which was to be held? Certainly he would. And he went. It was held at Mold Police Station next morning. He was put into a line with nine other men.

The man who had chased Brennan picked out another man, so did Reynolds, the farmer who had seen Brennan on the run—looking back. A third identifier, Mrs. Reynolds, who thought she had seen the man who had looked back as he hurried off, could not pick out anybody. She was not sure enough to pick out any man.

Wasn't that all just as Brennan could have wished? He was sitting pretty. Nobody believed he was the criminal. In fact, he had helped the police.

And yet... and yet... Cornish went over every fact, every point. There must be a clue somewhere. He sent out men to search and search and search. The police got the clue at last.

It was the twenty-fifth cartridge. They found it lying in the field of tragedy. There were bloodstains on it... and finger-prints. It was sent to the Yard for examination.

Brennan, whose age was 27, was tried and found guilty. But he did not hang. There was a marked hereditary strain of insanity in him. He was sent to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. He was a wild cat when angry.



HERE ARE DAVID AND EDITH, TEL. ARCHIBALD SHARP

FOR many weeks now, we but, being a boy, he wouldn't know, you have been long-keep still, and was more interesting to see your baby son, David, ested in what was going on as he is to-day, when he's out around him. walking with your wife, Edith. Edith says it is nothing for him to climb on the table or have seen him walking on his own two legs. Your memory holds a picture of him scrambling on all fours across the dining-room and under the chairs, but here he is on his way to the park to see the ducks and rabbits, just when leaving your home at 18 Hartington Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

He's getting a fine boy now, and when the "Good Morning" photographer called he with the hope that very shortly was getting a brush-up prior you, too, will be out walking to his Sunday afternoon walk, with them.

Grandpa has a habit of saying "By jingo, I'll kill you!" and jocularly holds up his fist. Well, David just returns the sign and laughs. Grandpa is always a wallop as he tumbles down. But after picking himself up he laughs as if it were just a passing incident in life.

They send their love to you, too. Who wouldn't? They got polish and cleaned and polished both leggings and shoes.

He went out into the garden and fetched a spade from the toolhouse, and dug a hole near the chicken-run. Before he buried them he counted them. He had twenty-four. He buried the lot, some empty cases, some live, in the hole, covered them over, and went back to his

Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

BACARDI RUM FOR BANDITS

PART XVI

I BECAME, not long afterwards, an Inspector-General of Sanitation, receiving an impressive warrant: "Given in Santo Domingo, Capital of the Republic, on the 6th day of the month of May of the year 1920, being the 76th year of Independence and the 57th of the Restoration." It bore the arms of the republic and the signatures of a rear-admiral, a brigadier-general, and a great many other people.

My new uniform included a wide-brimmed hat, a tunic with three pips on the shoulder-straps, riding breeches, and leggings. I received many congratulations, for it is the ambition of every Latin American to become an official and cut a dash. Commander Hayden, of the U.S. Navy, was the head of my department.

A few days after my appointment the four Inspectors-General who were seniors to me were summoned separately to headquarters and asked how soon they could start an inspection of the eastern district. Curiously enough, all their wives were sick and they could not go. The eastern district was infested with bandits. Then I was called in.

"Your wife doesn't happen to be sick?" asked Dr. Baer, who was Hayden's second-in-command. "It's a very bad week for wives."

I said my wife had died when my son Michael was born. "When could you start for the eastern district?"

"In two hours."

"Good," said Dr. Baer. "You will take charge of the province of Seibo, working hand-in-hand with the marines stationed in the district. Go by the 'Iroquois' to San Pedro de Macoris, then make your way overland by whichever way seems safest. Take a marine escort or a detachment of the Guardia Nacional, if you need them. Here is a hundred dollars to be going on with. Good luck!"

Before I went to Seibo I was given a letter for General Antonio Ramirez, the Governor. Ramirez was illiterate, but imagined that no one suspected it. He used to

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story
of a Roving Adventurer

make his secretary read his correspondence aloud, learn by heart, then come with the letters in his hand and pretend to read them to us. He was so pompous and theatrical that it had become one of the sights of Seibo. Colonel Breckenridge was always warning us not to hurt the Governor's feelings.

The secretary had taught him to sign his name. He had memorised his signature by means of a little tune, which rose with the up-strokes and fell with the downward. It took him about five minutes, sprawling over the table with his head on his arm, like a child drawing a pig, and solemnly whistling as he wrote. After whistling the tune a second time, to make sure that he had got his signature right, the Governor of Seibo would add a great flourish, blot it up, and mop his brow.

Although I was officially Inspector-General of Sanitation, my duties became more and more those of a liaison officer between the Marine Corps and the bandits. This was because I spoke Spanish with the accent of the country, and not through my nose, and could mix easily and naturally with the people. I had lived so long in Latin countries that the colour bar had ceased to mean anything to me. The Dominicans felt this instinctively, and accepted me as one of themselves. Furthermore, I was known to be Irish, a race credited with the right attitude towards religion and revolution.

In my saddle-bags I always carried a quart of Bacardi and a canteen of vermouth, to which bandits are very partial. Whenever I met such a man I gave him a drink, passed the time of day with him, and did my best to persuade him to come in and surrender his arms. Mostly they took my rum and ignored my advice.

Nearly every time I went on inspection Ramon Pastor used to sidle out of the bushes with a sheepish grin, explaining that he really had meant to surrender, but had not had time. I could have killed him a dozen times, for he only had two followers and was poorly armed, whereas I was well mounted

and armed to the teeth, as they say in books. I think he really meant to surrender, but he put it off too long.

His particular line of business was levying tolls on farmers, but he met a foxy man at Salado who was one too many for him. This farmer told him to return later, as he would have to send to town for the money.

Pastor came back and held out his hand trustfully for the cash, but the farmer's son crept up quietly behind and smashed in his skull with the back of an axe. I saw the bandit carried into camp on a stretcher, and asked the boy why he had not used the edge of the axe.

"It was very sharp, Senor

Burky, and might have glanced off," he said simply.

I made a lot of trips after Felipe Martinez, but he was suspicious and remained in the bush. Then I went to his mother, and she promised that he would give himself up. But next day he got into a fight with the Guardia Nacional, and lost. He came into camp all right, but head downward across the back of a mule.

Then General Calcagno was picked up outside Higuey by a secret agent named St. Elmo. Calcagno was one of the generals who had tried to commandeer horses from San Isidro. They put him on a donkey, tied his feet beneath its belly, and rode him across-country to La Romana, where he was taken by steamer to Santo Domingo and locked up in Fort Ozama.

He was caught when courting a rich merchant's daughter, a very pretty girl of sixteen named Graciela, who hated the sight of him. The mother insisted on the match, the girl wept, and everything had reached a deadlock when the marines stepped in and gaoled the general.

Graciela's mother had had a long-standing affair with Calcagno. This sort of thing happens quite often in Santo Domingo. I knew the wife of a Cuban farmer whose

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Handwriting. 6 Storm.

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9
10					11				
12			13	14					
15		16		17			18		
19		20				21			
22	23				24	25			
26	27		28	29			30		
31		32			33		34		
35	36				37	38			
39					40	41			
42				43					

CLUES DOWN.

1 Sailor. 2 Intelligible. 3 Arch. 4 Batting. 5 Mark at cribbage. 6 Garment. 7 Pricking tool. 8 Edible birds. 9 Trees. 10 Work hard. 11 Tennis service. 12 Kick colloquially. 13 Drink container. 14 Big reptiles. 15 Velvet red. 16 Curve. 17 Inasmuch as. 18 Front. 19 Durable fabric. 20 Soot flake. 21 Linear measures. 22 Space of time. 23 Bird. 24 Because.

BUFF WRITES
ONRUSH NULL
ADAGIO TRAY
RUM POTENT
DEEM PARSEE
E AM PILL
RANGES MARE
GOETHE BAG
BARN ARNICA
UIST MAIDEN
SNEAKS PEAT

daughter was engaged to a highly respectable young man in the education service. During the three years' engagement the mother maintained an affair with her prospective son-in-law. She told me quite openly that this kept him out of mischief, which was her plain duty to her child. Young men should be kept out of temptation.

Calcagno became popular with the officers in Fort Ozama. He taught them to speak Spanish. They trusted him, and he used to sit in a little tent, watching through field-glasses as captured suspects were marched past and picking out wanted men. Then Calcagno and some other prisoners were employed as decoys, being given weapons and turned loose. They went and mingled with their former companions, saying that they had seized the weapons and escaped.

In this way many bandits were caught, including the notorious Ramon Natero, with 200 of his men. Calcagno was pardoned on the strength of that capture, and went to Cuba, where he gave up being a general and returned to his earlier trade of tailoring. He died there.

Natero was more feared than any other bandit, being blood-thirsty, vain and clever. He lost no sleep when he found himself in Seibo prison, for he expected to be handed over to the civil authorities. Sooner or later he would be free, either shooting or bribing his way out, and would go back to his old game of terrorising the countryside, feeling all the better for his little rest-cure.

But many of the Marine Corps officers thought otherwise. They saw no sense in pampering and fattening-up this villain to live and cut throats another day. So Captain Knox, a major and a lieutenant decided to put an end to Ramon Natero.

They went round to the gaol in the cool of the morning and took out the bandit, together with Juanito, his first lieutenant, and marched them along deserted roads until they were

about a mile out of Seibo. Knox and the marine lieutenant were carrying their service pistols, while the major was armed with a pump breech-loader, loaded with slugs.

They stood the two bandits at the edge of the road, backed about twenty paces, and shouted "Run, run!"

Natero side-stepped, ducked, and dived into the bush, but Juanito crumpled up dead, full of slugs and bullets. Natero got clean away, and although the Marine Corps hunted him persistently they never caught him again. He developed a grudge against Captain Knox, ambushed him at the Margarita River, and killed him.

A young native lieutenant named Hatton was very upset by the news, for he had served under Knox. He went to Seibo gaol and took out twelve of Natero's followers, and marched them into the bush where a big tree had been blown down. There was a large pit in the ground where the roots had torn out, and he stood the prisoners on the edge of it. Then he opened fire, and eleven of them tumbled into the pit, some earth being shovelled in to cover them. The twelfth man escaped. Hatton was court-martialled and dismissed the Guardia.

(To be continued)

With Our Roving Cameraman

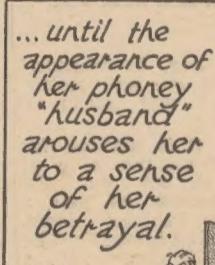


TWO IN STOCK.

There they are, several centuries behind the British ideas of punishment, but coming along. When we had the stocks on every village green the Africans of Nigeria had a swift cut with a wooden sword. To-day they have the stocks. And that is why the two boys are fitted there. They were caught stealing in the market-place, and the bystanders can jeer at them in their shame.

JANE

Left alone with her thoughts, for some moments Jane is too stunned to move....



Answers to Quiz in No. 306

1. Fish.
2. (a) Joseph Conrad, (b) Arnold Bennett.
3. Rigoletto is an opera; others are persons.
4. Shylock.
5. The Marseillaise.
6. 3,000 miles.
7. Neutral, Nocturnal.
8. Canute.
9. Fiddle.
10. Tower Bridge.
11. Hobart.
12. Blake, Bridges, Browning, Burns, etc.

Answers to Quiz in No. 306

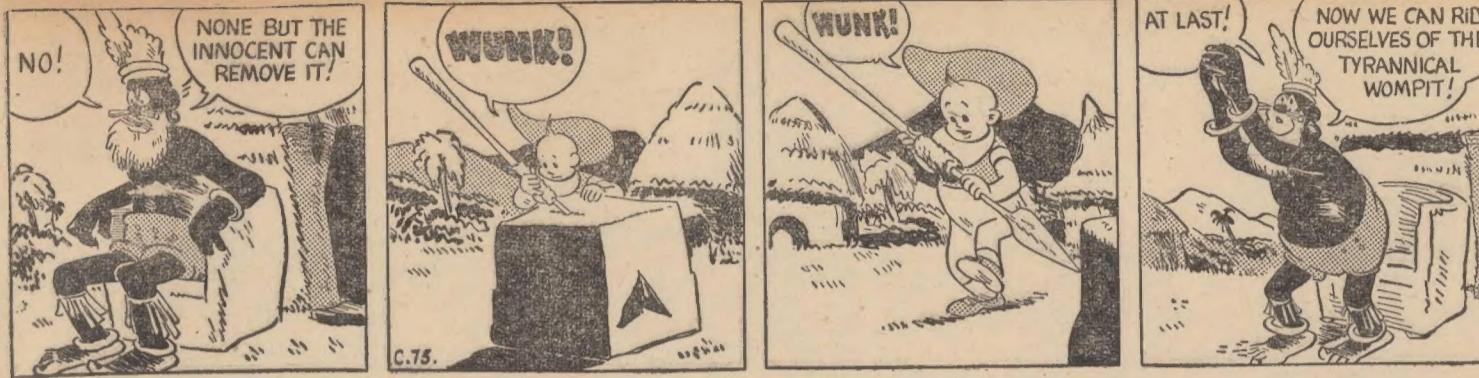
WANGLING WORDS — 262

1. Put a boat in VOLS to make smoking hills.
2. Rearrange the letters of ONE HANDY NET to make a Cabinet Minister (two names).
3. Altering one letter at a time and making a new word with each alteration, change: DEEP into DIVE, BEAN into BINE, BLACK into BEARD, BULB into WATT.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from RECOLLECTIONS?

Answers to Wangling Words — No. 261

1. Tragedian.
2. MONTGOMERY.
3. COLD, HOLD, HELD, HELL, HALL, HALT, HAST, HASH.
4. CASH, CASK, BASK, BARK, BARN, TARN, TORN, CORN, COIN.
5. LONG, SONG, SANG, SAND, SEND, SEED, SPED, APED, AWED, OWED, OWES, ODES, ODDS.
6. HARD, HARK, BARK, BASK, CASK, CASH.
7. Tine, Tare, Rate, Tent, Rent, Main, Name, Mane, Mine, Mite, Item, Time, Rite, Tire, Mint, Tern, Term, Mere, Meet, Teem, Rant, Tarn, etc.
8. Enter, Train, Trine, Nitre, Mitre, Meant, Taint, Miner, Merit, Tritie, Trait, Aimer, Meter, Treat, etc.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



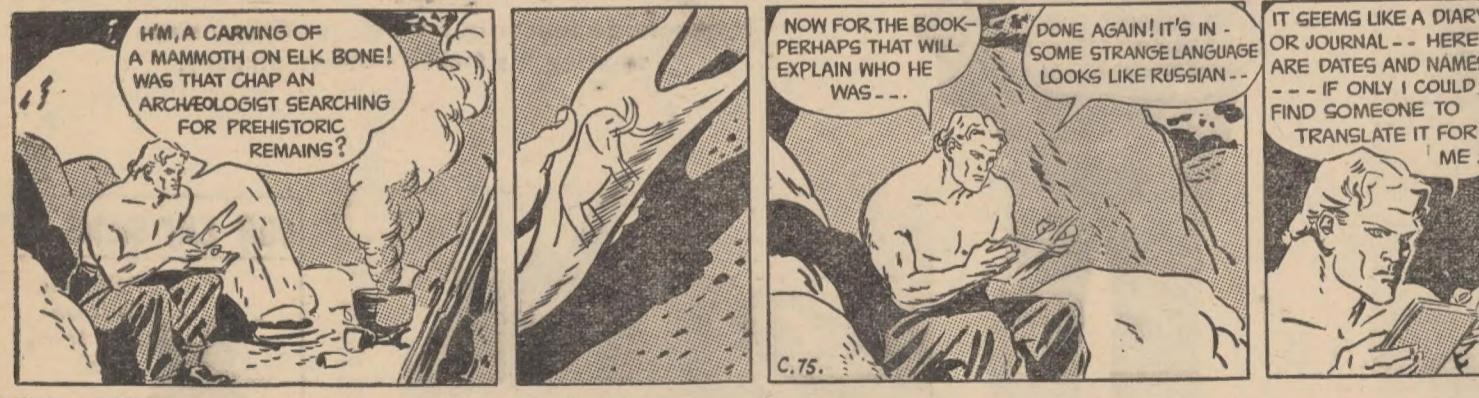
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Stars who changed their Names

By DICK GORDON

THE choice of a suitable screen name has caused many actors and actresses any number of headaches. You see, a good name is an essential adjunct to film fame; and once a player has made a choice, the name usually sticks. It is difficult to change it after that.

Some stars, however, have had more than one change. Marjorie Reynolds, recently seen with Bing Crosby and Dorothy Lamour in "Dixie," was christened Marjorie Goodspeed, started her film career at 14 as Marjorie Moore, and achieved stardom as Marjorie Reynolds.

Lily Chauchoin was born in Paris. She remained Lily Chauchoin until her first appearance on the New York stage. Then she changed her name to Claudette Colbert!

Have you ever heard of Jack Mullane? No? Well, to-day he is one of the screen's most famous and most popular leading men. The screen name? Ray Milland.

Jack Mullane became Ray Milland when he stepped into a leading role in place of Cyril McLaglen in an English picture, "The Flying Scotsman." To-day, Milland is more in demand than probably any actor in Hollywood, and Paramount recently placed him under a new seven-year contract.



CONSTANCE KEANE

THEN there is Constance Keane. This name stands for Veronica Lake. At the studio they know her as "Ronnie." Veronica was born at Lake Placid, New York, her father being a commercial artist. The star's mother is named Veronica, but this has nothing to do with her daughter's screen name. When Paramount bestowed the name of Veronica Lake on the girl who scored so heavily as the siren in "I Wanted Wings," it was a coincidence, for no one at the studio knew that her mother was called Veronica, or that the star was born at Lake Placid.

Harry Lillis Crosby is the real name of Bing Crosby.

Gary Cooper was formerly Frank Cooper. He became Gary Cooper in 1925, when he was singled out of a mob to play the lead in a two-reel Western subject.

Virginia McGrath was the name with which Ginger Rogers was christened. It is related that she was called "Ginger" at an early age by a young cousin who could not manage to pronounce Virginia!

Diana Lynn, the young actress who is making such a name for herself these days in pictures like "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" and "And The Angels Sing," made her screen debut as Dolly Loehr in "Magic in Music."

THERE are, of course, many other instances of "new names for old," such as Edythe Marriner, who is better known as Susan Hayward; Mae Green, whose screen name is Jean Parker; Richard Van Mattimore, whom you know as Richard Arlen; and Barbara Brantingham, who is Barbara Britton.

ODD QUOTES

One swallow doesn't make a drink. Money is one of the best things going—and it is generally going.

There's not much future for the wooer who neglects the present.

Many a man puts his foot down without having a leg to stand on.

Better is it for a man to grow sage than to sow wild oats.

There may be nothing new under the sun, but some mighty strange things happen under the moon.

People who do not marry until they are old enough to know better are not necessarily happier than those people who do.

When you are "down in the mouth," remember Jonah. He came out all right.

"Money can do anything." And there are men who will do anything for money.

The less a man knows, the longer it takes him to tell it.

Good Morning



This England

Winter's mantle of snow. Looking down over the village of Aldbury, near Tring, Herts.



"I wish you'd behave yourself, Vernon. I'm sure there's no need to develop a swan neck, just because you admire the bird."



He ought to follow in father's footsteps, since he's wearing his father's shoes already.



"THE MYSTERY OF THE ATTIC"

20th Century Fox player, Brenda Joyce, illustrates the phrase "a beautiful stretch."

Printed and Published by Samuel Stephen, Ltd., 2, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.19.



A SNACK ON THE WAY

